

November 14
1930

Life

Price
10 Cents



HIGH RACKETEER SOCIETY RIDES IN FOX CHASE

Pineapple Kings
Take Fences In
Rare Form

CHICAGO, Nov. 14—A fox hunt
was held here today in South
Duluth Field in w

WILL
B.
SPHNS



BREAKFAST ON THE HOST INSTEAD OF ON THE BILL

It is common enough to read of the "atmosphere of home" . . . but rare to discover the hospitality of home . . . what home, for example, would put up a guest for the night and let him leave without breakfast in the morning? . . . so we evolved The Continental Breakfast . . . sent to your room with the compliments of the host . . . not a concession but a courtesy . . . neither chargeable nor deductible . . . simply part of a service!

The BARBIZON-PLAZA has atmosphere, of course . . . Library . . . Art Gallery . . . *Salon de Musique* . . . Deck Tennis Courts . . . Sun-Tan-glass-inclosed Roof . . . Saddle Horses brought right to the door of the hotel for a canter in the park.
+ + These are important, but atmosphere can wait + + + + +
+ + + + + Breakfast comes first!

WILLIAM H. SILK, Director

BARBIZON-PLAZA

central park south • 101 west 58th street • new york

Room, CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST and
Private Bath \$18-\$45 Weekly
STUDIO APARTMENTS . . . yearly . . . \$1800
to \$5000
TRANSIENT . . . \$3.50 to \$6.00 . . . per day.
REFERENCES REQUIRED



Under same management — the internationally known Barbizon Hotel at 140 East 63rd Street. Rates \$14.—\$22. weekly. William H. Silk, Director.

November 14, 1930

Vol. 96

Number 2506

Published by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
60 E. 42nd St., New York

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *Chairman of the Board*
BOLTON MALLOKY, *Editor*
HARRY EVANS, *Managing Editor*
E. S. MARTIN, *Associate Editor*
F. G. COOPER, *Associate Editor*
W. W. SCOTT, *Associate Editor*

LIFE is published every Friday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.

The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted. For Reprint rights in Great Britain apply to LIFE, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E. C., England. The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C.

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office three weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected. All communications should be addressed to LIFE, Lincoln Bldg., 60 East 42nd St., New York.

Yearly Subscription Rate (U. S. and Canada), \$5.00 (Foreign, \$6.00.)

Here's Looking At You, St. Peter!

A prize-winning London cocktail of gin and apricot brandy was poetically styled the "Golden Dawn." Wonder how soon an American speakeasy will gauge the temper of the drinking public and name one "Pearly Gates?"



"Mama, what is a pork chop?"



Shaves last longer with Colgate's

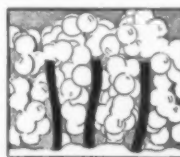
...because small bubble lather softens beard
at base ... razor works closer, smoother

THE closer the shave, the longer it lasts. The problem then, is to get a close shave without the tenderness that too often accompanies it. Every hair in your beard must be soaked soft—to avoid tugging and pulling. Colgate's gets in its good work right at the razor-line. Its active army of tiny bubbles soaks your whiskers right down to the skin and makes your shave a closer, cooler one—gives you a longer time before you'll need to shave again.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen: first, the soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. Second, billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep

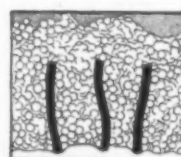
down through your beard ... crowd around each whisker ... soak it soft with water.

A comparative test is easy—just mail the coupon, now. We will also send you a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion ... refreshing, delightful ... the perfect finale for every shave.



ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather (same magnification) shows how myriads of tiny bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard. This softens every whisker right where the razor works.



COLGATE, Dept. M-705 P. O. Box 375
Grand Central Post Office, New York City

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name

Address

City..... State.....

The Giant and the Pygmy



© 1920 M. L. I. CO.

EITHER from your own personal experience or from observation you know how miserable one can feel when suffering from a cold.

Of course you know some of the causes—chilling drafts, wet feet, over-fatigue, balky digestion, or an invading germ. You know it is harder to fight a cold when you are run-down. Keep yourself fit.

For the sake of your own personal comfort you want to get rid of a cold in the shortest possible time. For your own personal safety and that of your friends you ought to get rid of a cold in the shortest possible time.

There are many different kinds of colds—hard to distinguish one from the other. All of them are threats and one leads to another.

The original cold, if not promptly cured, breaks down resistance and is sometimes followed by a second cold more stubborn and oftentimes more treacherous than the first. The mucous membrane of the nose and

throat is so weakened by Cold No. 1 that the way is opened for dangerous germs to enter.

Cold No. 1 is the Pygmy that crawls through the keyhole and unlocks the door for Cold No. 2, the Giant. In fact, to carry the picture further, the Pygmy Cold, which may be nothing worse than snuffles, a slight cough, a bit of an ache or a pain, may be followed by any one of several Giant Colds—influenza, pneumonia or tuberculosis.

Take no chances the next time that symptoms of catching a cold are shown by you or someone in your family. Consult your doctor and dispose of the Pygmy quickly, before he can open the door for the Giant. At such a time a skilful doctor is your best ally and you will be wise in following faithfully his orders.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail free, its booklet, "Just a Cold? Or"—to anyone who requests it. Address Booklet Department 1230-F.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Life



HUSBAND: *Thank Heaven! One more delinquent payment and this furniture is theirs!*



"Understand, I will not be used as a plaything and then cast aside."

Asleep In The Deep

"Joseph Urro of Troy, N.Y., was engaged in taking his bath. When his father sought to enter he received no response. The fire and police departments were notified. When they forced the door open they found Urro soundly asleep, with only his nose above water."

—N. Y. Herald Tribune.

Mr. Joseph Urro, Sr.,
Pinewoods Ave., Troy, N. Y.
Dear Mr. Urro:

I've found it rather difficult, at times, to get into my *own* bathroom because my boy was in there. It's an old-age problem just how it makes you feel. I've found it wiser, though, sir, to let your bath go temporarily, rather than call out the fire and police department. I mean, they more or less expect a conflagration or riot of some kind, and it makes them pretty sore to show up with their apparatus, only to find someone taking a little snooze in the tub. The fact that somebody has beat you to it is really none of their business.

As an official of this city I must tell you that the taxpayers' money cannot be wasted opening bathroom doors.

While it may be the easiest way out of your difficulty, nevertheless, it has to be recorded on the records as a "false alarm." What you *really* need, Mr. Urro, is an extra bathroom or a better parental understanding between father and son.

I wouldn't be bringing you to task if Joseph had been on fire. In that case the department would have been glad to respond to your alarm; or, if he had been up to some mischief, the police would, by a similar token, have recognized their duty and hit him over the head. But, Mr. Urro, the arm of the law does not, and *will* not, reach into private bathrooms and mete out punishment to snoozing bathers; nor can you expect the fire department, those tireless public servants, to act as locksmiths—unless, of course, the door's afire.

Is your son in the habit of going to sleep in the bathtub with only his nose showing? If he is, I can, perhaps, understand why you were afraid to rap and ask him when he'd be out. In answering you—unless he talks through his nose—he would have opened his mouth and drowned. Either that, or

choked to death on the soap. Both disagreeable ends.

What I'm getting at, Mr. Urro, is a remedy for Joseph's peculiar way of doing things. Perchance a shower bath should be installed in your home for mere safety's sake. I think you will bear me out when I say that one is not as likely to go to sleep standing up as when reclining in a tub, and when you say: "Hey, Joe! Get the hell out of that bathroom and *stay* out 'til papa's bathed," he'll be better able to answer you without drowning; unless he's sort of slumped down and shut off the drain.

Did you ever consider installing a set of faucets and a sponge-dish on the side of Joseph's bed? He might be able to stay awake in a contraption of this kind, while bathing, and then retire into the *real* bathtub for the night, after the sheet had been turned down and the pipes disconnected.

Whatever you do, Mr. Urro, the next time you call on the city for assistance there had a damsite better be burglars or something on fire.

Your obedient servant,

JACK CLUETT,

Dept. of Public Safety.

Pent Up Figures

Have you a pencil and paper? Here is the problem:

On the fifteenth floor of the new Hotel Pierre in New York is a penthouse. The rent is \$42,500. At the end of every year the landlord rings the bell and asks for another \$42,500. Or perhaps he sends a boy. The boy says: "I've come for the \$42,500."

Ready with your pencil? Here we go:

Dividing \$42,500 by 365 and the result by 24 and that result by 60, we find the rent is \$113.70 daily, which is \$4.74 hourly and that is eight cents per minute. There are some odd fractions. We'll drop them down the dumb waiter and hope they get in the furnace man's hair.

Thus we have the following situation:

A man comes to the penthouse door. He rings the bell. You open the door. He is working his son's way through college by selling magazine subscriptions. Since you are paying eight cents rent per minute, is it cheaper to waste ten minutes protesting that you don't want the magazine or to go ahead and make the necessary fifty-cent down payment?

Here is another one:

You've lost your hat. (I should have told you there are six rooms in the Hotel Pierre penthouse.) It is a \$10 hat with a 50 per cent depreciation—20 per cent for that time the baby got it and 30 for that time the puppy got it—present value \$5. Your wife isn't at home and you are just medium as a hat hunter. You estimate you can find the \$5 worth of hat in one hour. With rent at \$4.74 per hour, is it cheaper to search for the hat or to go out and buy a new one?

In solving this problem it is necessary to compute the number of minutes, at eight cents per minute, you would use in making the purchase.

Here are some incidental daily expenses roughly estimated:

Yawning once before getting out of bed, thirty seconds—four cents.

Glancing out window at weather, fifteen seconds—two cents.

Brushing teeth, forty-five seconds—six cents.

Trying to get top back on toothpaste tube, one minute—eight cents.

Rubbing grapefruit juice out of eye, two minutes—sixteen cents.

Glaring at cook, four minutes—thirty-two cents.

You are not through breakfast yet.



"Mamma doesn't eat anything but pills—and once in a while a tomato."

The entire day, at this rate, is ahead of you. Even if you do live through it, there is the night.

We'll say that before going to sleep you check up and pay off everything. You are even with the world. Eight

hours later you wake up owing the landlord \$37.92.

Of course these figures are for years of the usual length. On leap year you would get a day and night free.

—Tom Sims.



"Gee, Slim! Every time that cow looks around all she sees is somethin' to eat."

Specifications

By BERTON BRALEY.

The lad I love—he must have pep
And vim and vigor in his step.

In verve he must outshine the gang
And tango with a certain tang,

And have a line that's brisk and tonic,
And stimulating and ironic.

His handclasp has to have a tingle,
And when our kisses intermingle

Whether they're lengthy ones or quick
They must have snap and steam and kick.

I want a lot? Well, anyhow,
That is the way I see it now;

But probably I'm doomed to fall
For someone not like that at all,

Some modest member of the bunch
Who hasn't any jazz or punch.

But girls in love have little sense
And—I won't know the difference.

And he undoubtedly will be
Kick, pep, snap, vim and zip to me!



"Blow."

Caws for Surprise

When a tea was given Mary Garden in Amarillo, Texas, recently, forty-two citizens wired Chicago for frock coats. A surprise is in store for crows watching forty-two cornfields near Amarillo next spring.

"—And a Bicycle for Eddie"

"Her Majesty," writes a London correspondent, "is busy with lists and will set an example by doing her Christmas shopping early." God save the King.

But She Played the Game

KIND OLD GENTLEMAN: Ah, my boy, do you realize what it is that has brought the wrinkles to your kind old mother's brow?

WILLIE: Oh, yes sir. It's some of the bridge partners she gets.

HOTEL GUEST ORDERS

A PINT OF RED ANTS

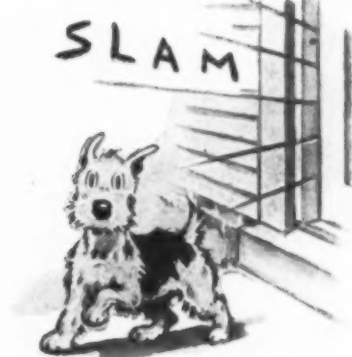
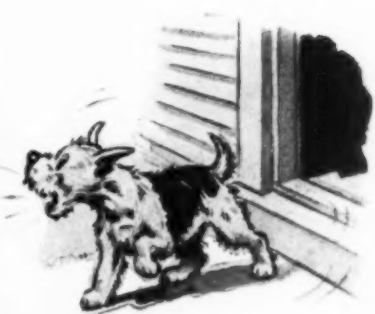
Dietary Needs of Reptiles Baffles the McAlpin

—N. Y. Times.

We know where he could get something just as good.



"New Yawk's th' place, huh?"



EDWINA

SINBAD
Come in !

(7)

A Rhapsody

O! what care I for movie shows—
New magazines, or books in rows—
For golf or bridge, I once held dear,
When safe at home, I have you near?

You tell me how to stew my soup,
To cure the chickens of the roup;
To keep the moths out of the rugs;
And how to kill potato bugs.

You teach me how to feed the baby,
To make him eat of spinach, maybe,
To measure, stir and bake a cake,
And jelly red from apples make.

And too, which gas in autos use,
How money save on all my shoes;
To wash my clothes—clean my teeth—
From tissue paper make a wreath.

Let winter come, with ice and snow,
I'll sit beside you, warm, aglow,
And listen to your crooning low,
My radio, MY RADIO.

—Laura J. McClure.



"What this mob needs is a public relations counsel."

Shoot!

A jobless man who bought an old army overcoat from a Chicago dealer found a \$600 diamond ring in a pocket, but the dice were gone.

You Can't Win

JAKE: I hear Dick is in the hospital.

PETE: Yep. Caught in the rain and tried to economize by not taking a taxicab. Now he's got pneumonia.

JAKE: And Tom's in the hospital, too.

PETE: Yep, he took a taxicab.

"The Nights Are Always Cool"

The first through passenger plane from Los Angeles to New York arrived eleven minutes late. We hear the delay was caused by a mechanic at a refueling stop asking a passenger how he liked California.

Hirsute Dreamers

"A surprising proportion of young men today are actually incapable of growing moustaches," says a visiting lecturer. We say it doesn't prevent a surprising number from trying.



PLUMBER: Y'can play yer red Jack on yer black Queen!

Mrs. Pep's Diary

by
Baird
Leonard

OCTOBER 23—My first experience with cosmetics this morning, having bought a line of lotions yesterday largely because of the beauty of the bottles and their fragrant odor, and after I had applied three of them according to the directions of the beautician, I did essay to open the astringent, but the stopper would not come out, so I did hold it under the hot water spigot, and did tug and tug until it finally yielded, and all too suddenly, for the liquid did spurt all over my best velvet negligée, ruining it utterly, nor could I see that my face was much improved by my ministrations, neither, and I had liefer let it resemble a road-map than take so much pains to preserve it, for women whose countenances are evidently well groomed remind me of gardens whose landscaping is too formal. My sister-in-law to see me, bringing me for a present the oil study which Sam's father did for the great panel in the Woolworth building, and glad I am to have it, for it is characteristic of his battleships, and there are none of his White Squadron pictures in the family. And I was minded of the verse which Kipling wrote about him to Fighting Bob Evans, "Zogbaum does things with his pencil, I do things with my pen," etc., and how Frank Adams, on the day I married Samuel, did put in his newspaper column:

*Zogbaum does things with his pencil,
You write things for LIFE,
And I sit up in my Conning Tower
Wishing you joy as a wife.*

And I have made out fairly well as a matron, too, for albeit I have put up no jellies nor laid down any meat, Samuel is well conditioned as to socks and studs, and does tell me that the discourse at our dinner table is not to his disadvantage.

OCTOBER 24—Awake betimes, reading in the journals, and I did think an advertisement headed "The wolves have a firm hold on this year's coat fashions" most unfortunate, forasmuch as it indicated poverty more strongly than the fur which it was meant to feature. Sam in, filching from my breakfast tray according to his custom, but I would not let him have a piece of Canadian bacon, knowing that a double portion would be his own inside

of ten minutes, and I did speak with him seriously about keeping his watch in accord with mine, for the wretch does have his timepiece slow, and will say that it is only eight-fifteen when I do know full well that the curtain is rising on the play we are going to see. Lord! such differences are to me much graver and saner grounds for divorce than those upon which the state of New York insists. To luncheon at Marge Boothby's, where I did encounter a woman as distasteful to me as anybody I ever met in my life, and with the outspokenest opinions that ever I heard, albeit they were on matters of no consequence, nor was I surprised to learn that she was a volunteer hangover from Marge's round-the-world cruise. And when she rhetorically appealed to me about Jeritza, whom she had enshrined as the leading soprano of all time, I responded that

Jeritza reminded me of a female impersonator, which is God's truth, whereupon I rose to take my leave, enjoining Marge, who was furious with me, to ply the creature with liquor and thereby get a *good* show. To the Bannings for dinner, and they had guinea hen *en casserole*, one of my favorite dishes, so I was holpen twice, and fell to cards afterwards, gaining thirty-four dollars in spite of Samuel, who is inclined to credit himself with the possibility of a slam on the mere sight of two Aces. Home at midnight, reading myself to sleep with "Sins of New York" as exposed by the old Police Gazette, and I was amazed to learn that the editor of that famous sheet was a moralist and reformer, and not the iniquitous individual which I had imagined.



"But I want to be admired for my mind."

The Female Cynic

My Love bestowed a gentle kiss,
Then sighed and quickly fled . . .
And ere my lips were mine again,
I knew his love quite dead!

But older friends sang soothing words
Into my willing ear . . .
An aching heart would soon forget,
And time would dry a tear!

So now I laugh with chilling ease,
Now prove that I'm immune . . .
And I could teach a fool who loves
To sing a wiser tune!

And should my Love come marching
back
Unto my lonely door . . .
I'd lock it fast . . . I'd bolt it true!
Were he inside once more!

—E. L.

Christmas Shopping Hints (A. D. 1930)

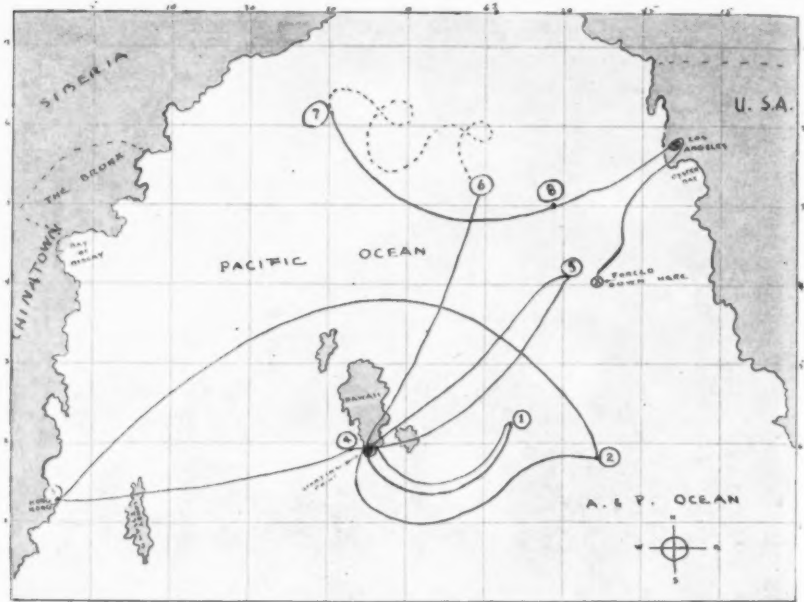
If "he" smokes, your problem is easy. Why not give him a nice package of cigarettes? They can be purchased at all cigar stores for thirteen cents. Or if you want to splurge you can buy him the twenty-five cent kind. Perhaps he's a pipe smoker. Then why not blow him to pipe cleaners? They're always welcome, and cost only a nickel.

Does she love jewelry? Easy! An imitation pearl necklace at the five and ten. Looks like the real thing! Or a ring. She'll never dream it isn't real brass. Or if it's clothes she wants, what could delight her more than stockings?—And the cost is trivial; ten cents apiece.

Perhaps he's a sports lover. Well, then, a tennis ball—or a trio of wooden tees—or a pair of shoe laces for his skates—or a major league baseball schedule for next season. These don't begin to complete the suggestions.

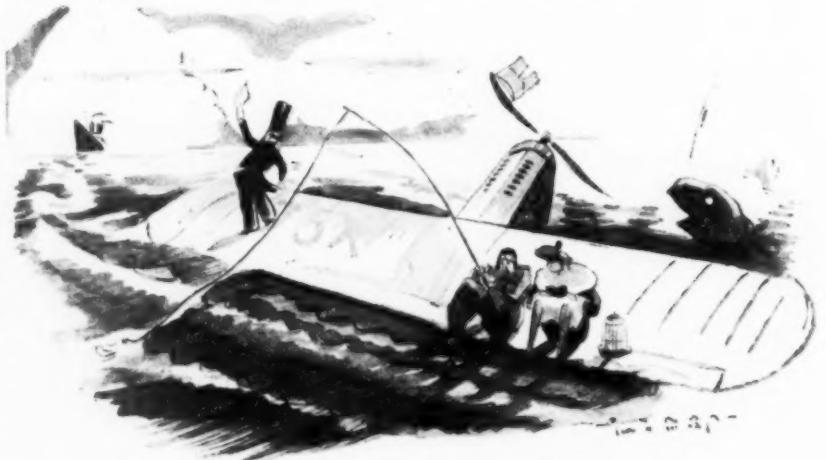
The kiddies? Easy. Comic cut-outs from the Sunday paper. A stick of chewing gum. A nice big round red apple. A picture of a toboggan. The list is endless. Economy is easy if you take the trouble to think things out. It is foolish to splurge five or seven dollars on your Christmas list this year, when you can make a dollar and a half go just as far. After all, it's the spirit that counts. —Parke Cummings.

RADIO BRINGS FURTHER NEWS OF ILL-FATED PEEBLES EXPEDITION



LOG OF THE "FAUX PAS" FROM TIME OF DEPARTURE UNTIL FORCED DOWN IN MID-PACIFIC. TRY AND FOLLOW COURSE ON MAP.

Left Wacookku Field, Hawaii, 12:15 p. m. heading northeast to point No. 1. Decided here to return and circle field once again. Again headed northeast from Wacookku to point No. 2. Decided here to fly to Hong Kong, China, for laundry left by Mr. Peebles, Sept. 12th, and forgotten. Headed from point No. 3 flying directly east to point No. 4. Decided not to circle field again. Getting late. Mrs. Peebles sleepy. Proceed northeast to point No. 5. Fuel getting low. Decide to return to Wacookku for more fuel. Landing made at Wacookku without being seen. Still a non-stop flight. Again headed out to sea to point No. 6. Searching from point No. 6 to point No. 7 for "Ladies' Rest Room." No luck. Headed east to point No. 8. Urgent landing made at request from Mrs. Peebles. No reason given. Headed east again, arriving Los Angeles 4:45 a. m. Decided to return to sea and return when people are up. Run out of fuel at Lat. 4, Long. 45. Actual flying time—96 hours.



"As far as I am concerned, Mrs. Peebles, whales are whales—I know nothing of their sex, or home-life."



Life Looks About

Bitter Remembrance

THE British Government thinks that it is time to omit laying a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier from official visits to the countries of the former Allies. It thinks that memories of the Great War may sleep a little, to advantage.

Of course, the wreath laying by foreign visitors has come to be perfunctory, and perhaps always was so. There will be many who think it can be spared, but they may not say much, whereas those who think the other way are more likely to make a noise about it.

The truth is, the Unknown Soldier has been and is being exploited by organizations and visitors who represent organizations, who have one thought for him and ninety-nine for themselves and their interests.

Pre-War Faith

THE newspaper headlines report that President Chiang Kai-Shek, of China, has been converted to Christianity, but a more careful examination of the news discloses that what he has been converted to is the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church with headquarters at Nashville, Tenn.

In this country at this time persons who come into possession of surreptitious stimulants from sources they are not sure of, send a sample around to a druggist to have it analyzed. This course, or something like it, is open to President Kai-Shek. He ought not imbibe too freely of his new faith without a certificate from some reliable source

(such as the Union Seminary in New York) that the spiritual nourishment he has got is valid and will agree with him.

From the Latin to the Hoot

HARRY HANSEN reports in *The World* that there is a new magazine born at Yale and named *The Harkness Hoot*. It hopes to appear six times a year. Its editors are William Harlan Hale and Selden Rodman, both of them lately of the *Yale Lit*.

These are very distinguished names, full of literary and legal association. And Harkness, a name once associ-

anniversary of the reading of the Augsburg Confession from which Protestantism is dated. Father Burke said that in so doing he violated his oath of office and insulted the Catholics. The President's Secretary, Mr. Akerson, did not agree with Father Burke in this opinion. Whereat one may smile perhaps, without offence, and wonder how it would affect a candidate running for President.

Palestine

THE Zionist Jews, both in London and New York, are much put out over a recent decision of the British Government to suspend the importation of Jews into Palestine while there is so much unemployment. The British Government also proposes to control more strictly the transfer of lands from Arabs to Jews, but both of these proposals are obnoxious to the Zionist leaders, who call them a violation of the Balfour Declaration. On account of it Mr. Felix Warburg in New York quits office in the Jewish Agency for Palestine, and in London Lord Melchett quits as President of the English Zionist Federation.

The British Government apparently holds that while the Balfour Declaration contemplated "the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people it did not dedicate the whole of Palestine

to that use nor aim to make Palestine "as Jewish as England is English," nor set up there a national Jewish state. So there seems to be conflict over the meaning of the Balfour Declaration, the League of Nations being mixed up in it.

The Zionists talk as if the Jewish people had by tradition an exclusive title to Palestine. But how about that? In a Latin First Reader that was in use about 65 years ago, the first sentence ran: *Jacobus habuit duodecim filios*. It went on to tell the story of Joseph.

Yes, Jacob had twelve sons. One

(Continued on Page 27)

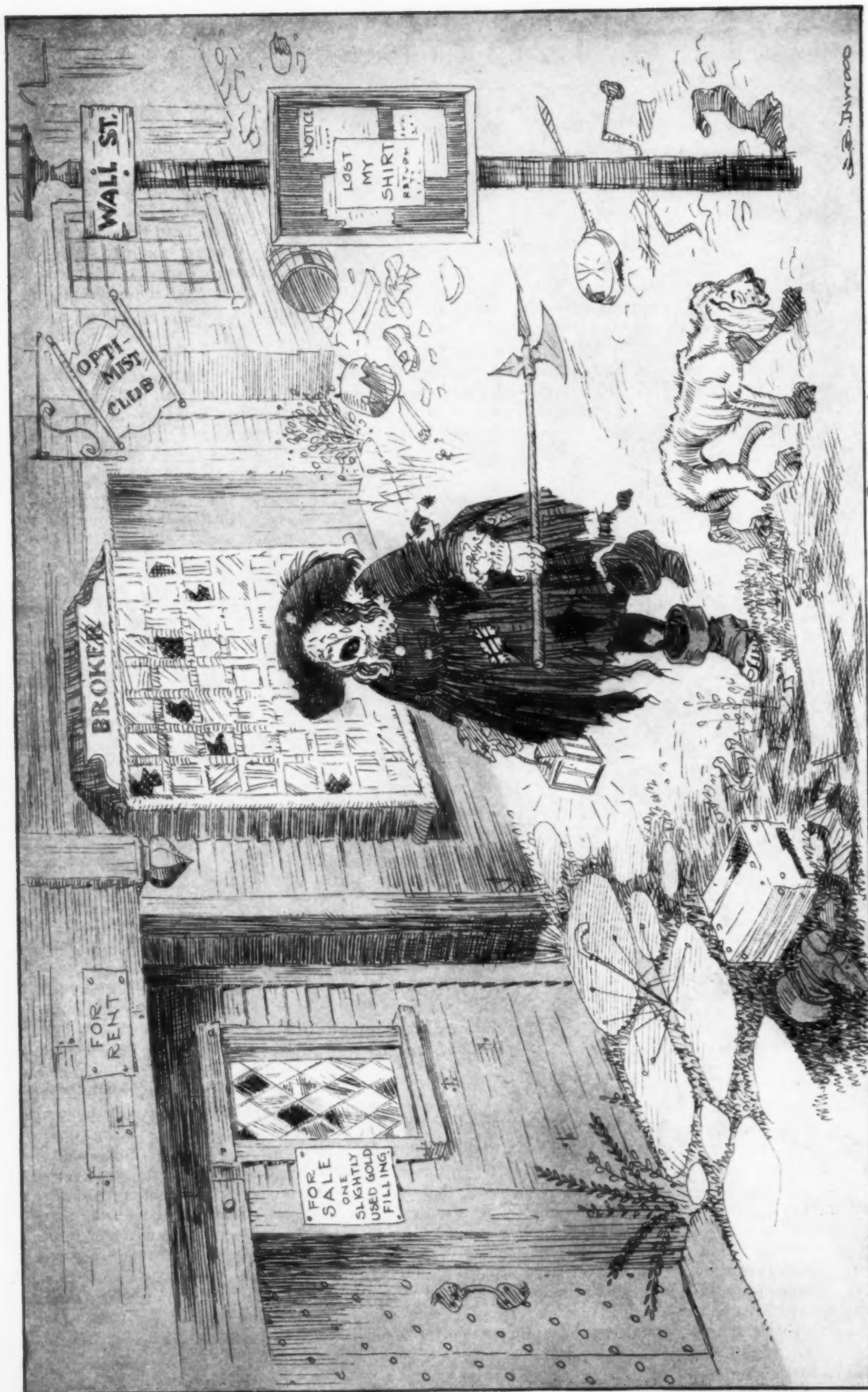


"I was kinda peeved too, Judge, when you sent me here!"

ated with a Latin grammar, keeps up remarkably its college advertisement.

Let Us Not Argue

FATHER DIMMET had a date to discuss religion with Clarence Darrow, but the Catholic authorities called him off. Possibly they felt that the deliverance of Father John J. Burke, General Secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Conference on President Hoover's message to the Lutherans was all the noise that was expedient for the moment. The President congratulated the Lutherans on the 400th



Shoo Ow 'Brock and Aus Wow!

Historic Prints of Old New York.

Life in Washington

By CARTER FIELD.

WRONG HORSE STIMSON is what the reporters around the State Department call him. The man has a positively unerring faculty for picking the loser. One wonders where he gets his information, or on whom he depends for advice.

Certainly not through "official channels"—that expression so dear to Washington life. For hours after the newspapers were on the streets with the news that the Brazilian rebels had fired on a German ship, causing the loss of 23 lives, he was talking to a correspondent out at his country place—Woodley.

"Is it likely that any complications will be caused by the German ship incident at Rio?" the correspondent asked.

"What incident?" said Stimson in much surprise, and, on being told, ejaculated: "Where do you get your information?"

"From the newspapers," replied the scribe, as Mr. Stimson reached for a telephone to confirm.

But this was about one o'clock in the afternoon, and at 4:30 one of his chief lieutenants in the Department was still in ignorance that anything untoward had happened.

Maybe Stimson was relying on the Brazilian ambassador, who, when called by a newspaper man for comment on the Brazilian revolution, after the President of the Republic had resigned, commented: "How absurd!"

One harks back to the early days of Stimson's regime, when it appeared that Russia and Japan might get into a war. Stimson solemnly called on both to submit to arbitration, and suggested the World Court. Japan replied craftily, as might be expected, but the gleeful Soviet officials administered a spanking that caused chuckles in every chancellery on the globe.

The amusing part of the whole thing being that at the very moment he made the suggestion the difficulty had been successfully arbitrated.

In the Brazilian situation of course Mr. Stimson had permitted airplane shipments to the government to be started, while denying them to the rebels. Before the planes could be gotten out of American harbors the rebels were in control of the Brazilian ports. A few days later, just before the

Department was about to make some further move on the assumption that all was now serene, it developed that another faction of rebels was in the field. It was entirely too hectic.

Or take Mr. Stimson's approval of the appointment of Nicholas Roosevelt as vice governor of the Philippines. He had just come back from being governor of the islands, and it might be assumed from the authority with which he addressed Senate and House committees on legislation affecting the islands, that he was keeping in close touch.

But the Filipinos raised such a rumpus that the President gave Roosevelt a better post, in a country about which he had not written books.

Now this is really a mysterious case. One can understand why the Filipino leaders lied to Mr. Stimson about their sugar production capacity. They were afraid Congress was going to place a limit on the amount they could bring into this country free of duty. So they told him they had reached their maximum. And he went before Congressional committees and repeated this with such authority that no more was heard of the limiting proposal. Yet every practical sugar man knew that the Filipinos had not even substituted modern varieties of cane in existing

fields, and that actually the capacity to produce more sugar than this market could absorb was beyond predictable limits.

No one doubts Mr. Stimson's utter sincerity. Everyone likes him personally. Strangely enough, most everyone admires his mentality. But he listens to the wrong people. Then he puts his fine legal brain and his excellent logic to work on the problem. The only trouble is that his premises are so frequently wrong. So profound thinking only leads to profound mistakes.

Three of what the late Mr. Harding would call the "best minds" in the country recommended Mr. Stimson to President-Elect Hoover. They were Elihu Root, Charles Evans Hughes and William Howard Taft. But no one ever accused any one of the three of being a good politician, or of interpreting accurately the popular pulse at any given moment.

Someone should suggest to President Hoover that what the State Department needs is a Fact Finding Commission. This might be headed by Larry Ritchie, at present of the Secretariat, who has quite a faculty of recognizing facts when he sees them. Or maybe the *Times* could spare three or four good reporters. Anything to keep misinformation off Mr. Stimson's desk.



"Gosh! I feel terribly depressed today, Vincent. Read me Mr. Coolidge's column again, willya?"

Great Minds at Work



Sometimes I think that eating should become almost a sacrament.

—George Matthew Adams.

You will never find half the thrill and joy driving a Rolls-Royce that you will get from guiding a baby carriage down the street.

—Will Durant.

It seems to me that the United States would be a great deal better off today if it had a war on its hands, somewhere or other, all the time.

The plain fact is that, to the young men who actually engage in it, war is rather pleasant than otherwise.

—H. L. Mencken.

If I were cast away on a desert island and had my choice of ten average Broadway shows and ten average Broadway talking pictures I rather think I'd take the screen versions.

—Heywood Brown.

I can lick any newspaper man in Los Angeles.

—Ralph Ince.

I'm not at all a literary person.

—Peter B. Kyne.

There is no justice for motorists at all.

—Edgar Wallace.

There is something fascinatingly beautiful to me about a woodpile.

—George Matthew Adams.

Reason This Isn't a Love Song

I'm weary and fretty,
I'm stupid and petty,
Oh! All of my friends are a pain!
I'm sick of the world,
I'm very hard-berld,
To try and amuse me is vain!

I'm no longer witty,
I can't write a ditty,
The thought of a Lover's a bore!
I've lost my perspective,
My humor's defective,
Oh! I'm on the wagon once more!

—E. L.

Tanks

The British army is being equipped with new tanks which look and move like giant crabs. In our last war we had something on that order, but they were called sergeants.

More Good News

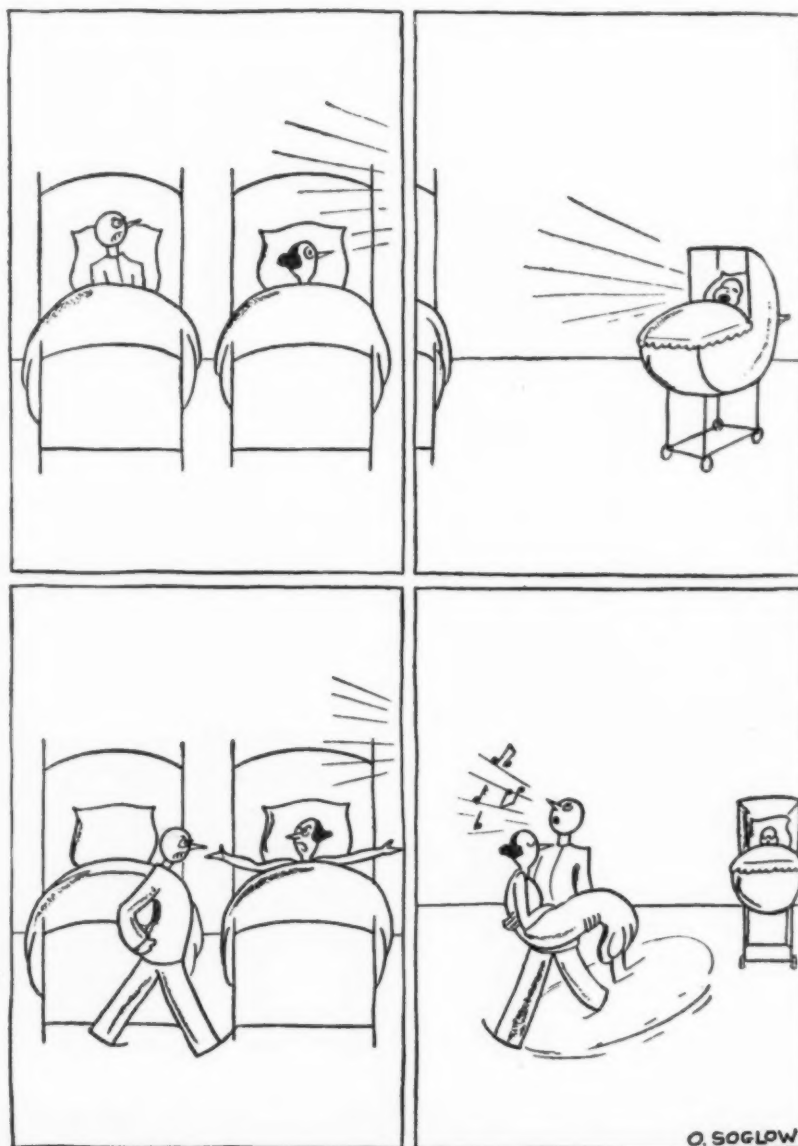
"Undoubtedly a human will be able to live longer in the next half century," says Dr. Charles H. Mayo. We can hardly wait.

Accent On the First Syllable

Figures put out by those opposed to prohibition have deceived the public as to its true effectiveness, according to Professor Irving Fisher, who predicted a speedy recovery from the market crash last year.

Weekly Chicago Note

Dissatisfied with police methods in the gangster situation, it is rumored that Mayor Thompson has ordered a drastic shake-down.





"Well, I won't argue with you. Everyone to his own taste is my motto."

The Letters of a Modern Father

My Dear Daughter:

Your mother tells me you have invitations for Thanksgiving from six school friends. Your mind probably is made up, as you must have seen their automobiles at some time or other since Miss Mulligan's opened. We have wired the principal to let you accept whichever one of these invitations doesn't involve brothers who are specializing in English or who, at any time within the last two or three years, have expressed a desire to get away from it all.

During this world-wide mental depression a lot of fathers are ready to ask waivers on their boys. Knowing you are from the West they may get you confused with the Texas League.

I'd hate to have you go out for a Thanksgiving dinner and come back with a Harris tweed jacket, a lot of unsold poems, and a marriage certificate.

Your sister Francie's husband blew in yesterday to stay until he gets an offer that isn't an insult. Francie will be along as soon as she can pick out a fur coat to make the trip in.

You'll be looking them over when you go out on these holidays. Watch out for families where the father sits up to catch Hoover on the radio. An optimistic atmosphere is all right for a visit but you wouldn't want to spend your life in it.

Your Affectionate Father,
McCready Huston.



"Not a penny, Horace! Remember our budget!"

(15)

Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1) Scramble *greed* with an *l* and get something to keep track of it.
- (2) Scramble *close* with an *a* and get some consolation.
- (3) Scramble *lambs* with an *a* and get something in a pillow.
- (4) Scramble *places* with an *l* and get what a doctor reaches for.
- (5) Scramble *costing* with an *a* and get a man from Missouri.

(Answers on Page 27)

Progress

Russia is said to be making rapid advancement in commercial aviation. It is pointed out that already an energetic citizen can be hungry in several cities on the same day.

Theatre • by Baird Leonard

THE critical outlook was gloomy on the night of October 27. We had all expected to see Sisir Kumar Bhaduri and his troupe from Calcutta do "Sita" in Hindu, a prospect none too glamorous, even with the assistance of a libretto. But at the last minute the management decided that the shabbiness and deficiencies of the imported scenery did not justify the eleven dollars marked on the tickets, so the piece was withdrawn, and our only other choice was "Puppet Show" by the same Samuel Rustin Golding whose "Through The Night" several weeks ago had been nothing but a wasted evening. When I read in the program that "The action of the entire play takes place in the study of Anthony Davies, where we find in the course of ACT ONE the home of Suzanne Carleton, and in ACT TWO the living room in Neil's apartment, and in ACT THREE the Court of General Sessions," I began to suspect that I might be up against something more confusing than a foreign language, and I was right. "Puppet Show" is one of those Pirandelloish businesses in which an author sits through his play, out of which his characters occasionally step to argue with him on this and that point of probability or psychology, and there were moments when I regretted that the same privilege had not been extended to the audience, for I should gladly have risen from K-5 and told him to get off the stage and let them do the thing straight. All the fine preliminary talk about the delightful possibility of a scene in a sporting-house went for naught, because the scene was played right there in his own study without the change of so much as a bibelot or a highball glass. A slight concession to the story was made in the last two acts by the introduction of some shabby living-room furniture and the simulation of part of a court room, but that wasn't much of a sop to the Cerberuses out front whose appetite had been whetted with the mention of a gay and gaudy brothel. The plot concerned a sweet and slightly soiled young girl who shot and killed her husband of three months (a boorish oaf over whom it was incredible that women should fight) under the delusion that she was shooting at the villainess who had taken him away from her and who was not

even present at the time. (This fine psychopathic twist went so big at the trial that it hung the jury, so it is mentioned here for the benefit of those with enemies whom they would like to pop off.) The playwright himself steps into the judge's rôle in the court room scene, and one of the biggest mysteries of the piece, since the puppets had hitherto been allowed to protest so much, was that the heroine didn't shoot *him* instead of herself. At the finish, Mr. Golding tries to beat the critics to it by having the characters harangue the exhausted playwright for not having given such and such turns to his plot, for not having chosen them from Mayfair or Park Avenue, etc., thereby recalling his own previous and pregnant line, "Nobody can ruin plays like an author."

SINCE I believe firmly that propaganda has no place in artistic en-

tertainment, whether printed or enacted, the things that pleased me most about the Theatre Guild's "Roar China" were its brevity (we were home by eleven o'clock) and its scenery. The theme is the exploitation of the Oriental proletariat by the white race. An overbearing American trader who cannot swim quarrels with a boatman over his fee, accidentally falls into the water, and is drowned. Nobody in the audience is sorry, but an English naval captain demands that the lives of two coolies be sacrificed before dawn, thereby doubling up on a law which I thought had gone out with Moses. There is much subsequent excitement and Chinese wailing on the quay, the dreadful debt is duly paid to prevent the captain's threatened bombardment of the town, and the piece ends in a hubbub of affirmations that the outrage will some day be avenged, an immediate step in that direction being taken



"ROAR CHINA"—Wherein British guns uphold the alleged white superiority in China.

by an attack on the police and some shooting at the officers on the gunboat.

Lee Simonson has done some splendid and spectacular staging. There is no curtain. The quay is built well out into the audience, and sampans glide in through real water to hide the gunboat with their sails whenever the action is given over exclusively to the coolies. My companion, whose heritage makes him a stickler in such matters, thought H. M. S. "Europa" looked a little like something that might be seen in Schwartz's window, but it was realistic enough for me. The fact that there is a dance on the upper deck of the "Europa" will give you an idea of its size, and the manipulation of the sampans and the coolie mobs is so skillful that, if you can stand the socialistic interpretation of the uprising in China in two or three of its most fearful features, I heartily recommend "Roar China" as an experiment in the theatre which you should not miss.

IT IS easy to believe that the mere sight of the lovely Miss Miriam Hopkins in the royal automobile would establish her as the king's mistress in

the minds of any populace, especially when that king was young, popular and hitherto without conspicuous romantic experience. That is what happens in Attila von Orbok's "His Majesty's Car," a comedy which is good enough to be so much better that I am moved to inquire if the Hattons are the only persons in town capable of adapting from the Hungarian. Lily Dornik, a lowly bank stenographer, is taken for a joy-ride in the new and undelivered royal motor by her newspaper beau, who has a fine flair for publicity. In less than no time she is not only the toast of the town but the hope of the Cabinet. Her big salary as a popular actress lands her in luxury's celebrated lap and drags her grasping, bourgeois family from obscurity. It matters not that she has never laid eyes on the king, who, hearing of her celebrity and its basis, comes to her incognito and leaves her with the information that she will meet His Majesty at the Minister of Finance's ball. It all comes out just as any schoolchild would expect, and it also bears out the popular suspicion that prices are raised on those who market in Rolls-Royces.

I CAN'T give much to "Blackbirds of 1930." And I should like to record at this point my fervent wish that our Negro entertainers would go back to their method in "Shuffle Along" and "Liza," wherein they were being simply and absolutely themselves, with no borrowings from the white folks' splendor of scenery and costumes and with feebler efforts to make their chorus girls look like painted Broadway belles. There is some swell dancing, of course, chiefly contributed by Buck and Bubbles and the Berry brothers. There is also Ethel Waters, who always puts herself across and has enough left over to help out her frailer confreres, but it is unfortunate that the sequel to her "Handy Man" song should be so disgustingly suggestive, and that her "hit" number, "Lucky to Me," should be such an obvious steal on "A Cottage for Sale." After these harsh words, I must confess to one large laugh from the youth who announced that he had been arrested for fragranciness and was told by his pal, "You ain't guilty!"



"PAGAN LADY"—Wherein a rising young soul-saving evangelist, full of zeal and repressions, takes up with a priestess of Pan and Venus, and learns all about Sin. The above diagram shows Miss Lenore Ulric, the Pagan Lady; and Mr. Franchot Tone, who is the Heaven-bent Ernest Todd; and between them stands Mr. Thomas Findlay, as Jehovah's chief spokesman; while behind, as an added attraction, towers Mr. Russell Hardie, the Lady's bootlegger boy friend, waiting for a chance to beat Hell out of her; and, making a timely exit is Mr. Leo Donnelley, the doctor; skulking under the table is another gin merchant, played by Mr. Richard Terry; and Miss Jane Ferrell just rocks and listens.

Movies • by Harry Evans

"The Big Trail"

IT IS impossible for us to give a general opinion of this pretentious production because we saw it displayed on Grandeur Film. If there is a theatre in your city that offers the Grandeur presentation, we advise you to see it by all means. Otherwise, it is just another epic of the pioneer days of the West, with all of the elements that went into the making of "The Covered Wagon" and kindred films popular, plus sound. Director Raoul Walsh has gone to a great deal of trouble to present a detailed account of the difficulties encountered by the hardy folks who went out to settle the Northwest. For reel after reel we watch ox-carts and prairie schooners struggle over unbroken trails, flounder through swift running streams, pant across burning deserts and fight through deep snows. At the end of the trail we felt pretty exhausted just from looking on.

The romance that accompanies the photography is much more interesting than in the usual Western epic due to a capable cast headed by John Wayne, Margaret Churchill, Tyrone Power and Tully Marshall. Mr. Wayne, a newcomer, is far from being a finished actor, but he is a fine camera subject and his amiable naturalness is well suited to his rôle as a bashful young scout. Mr. Wayne lives up to all the best traditions by allowing his enemy to take first shot in the final reckoning (which one looks forward to from the first reel) and adds a note of romance by throwing a knife into the villain from thirty paces, eschewing the more hackneyed business of killing enemies with firearms.

Grand scenery, excellent cast and commendable direction. Particularly interesting if presented with Grandeur equipment.

"Virtuous Sin"

THERE is something about paradoxical titles that seems to intrigue movie producers. The original title of this story was "A Tabornok," which in Russian means "The General," but somebody saw the chance to change it

to "Virtuous Sin," and the piece was bought. In case scenario writers are looking for some more sure-fire titles we would suggest, "The Perfect Fault," "The Pure Taint," "The Platonic Seduction," and even "The Honest Politician."

The lesson offered by "Virtuous Sin" is that it is perfectly proper for a wife to "give herself" to another in order to save her husband's life, particularly if she happens to have a definite urge to give herself to this certain person.

The plot takes us to Russia, which is objectionable in the first place as we are sick and tired of being taken to Russia every time some woman has got to sacrifice her honor in order to save her husband from a courtmartial.

Walter Huston is the general, Kay Francis is the wife and Kenneth MacKenna is the husband. Regardless of the fact that Kay has to lure the general into a house of ill repute to carry out



My dear, fourteen dollars is simply too much to pay for a ton of coal, when you realize the Saturday Evening Post is only five cents.

her ideas, he informs her that he is "the kind of man who loves but once." This may be construed as a recommendation or not according to one's lights. At any rate love is born out of their rather silly playing around, and the husband, who till this time had preferred death to having his wife "give herself" is placated by the realization that his wife had never really loved him. It was just nice, clean affection and respect which, as Mr. MacKenna wisely points out, cannot take the place of the . . . er . . . other thing.

Mr. Huston and his capable co-workers are wasted on this trash.

"War Nurse"

IT IS regrettable that such an awful picture as "War Nurse" should be dedicated to the commendable work that women accomplished during the World War. In an effort to show the trials and tribulations that beset the courageous girls who volunteered for nursing duty at the front, the producers have stressed unpleasant details unnecessarily and people who object to the sights and sounds that go with intimate glimpses of hospital life will be given a bad time by "War Nurse."

The casting of the film is unexplainable. If this reporter had been given a week in which to select the actress least fitted to play the rôle of "Babs" he would have finally chosen Anita Page.

Then there is June Walker, who has been a respected performer on the legitimate stage for years. Miss Walker has probably never struggled through a part that gave her more moments of discomfort. We admit the advantage of talent over the superficial asset of physical attractiveness, but the fact remains that Miss Walker's plump pleasantness is a far cry from the point the film tries to put over. For instance, in making inquiry for her at the front line hospital Robert Montgomery describes her as the "girl with the big eyes and small ankles." The producers may explain this by reminding us that the war robbed men of their sense of proportion.

In the latter part of the film we learn that Miss Page's disappointment over a love affair has caused her to "go the limit" as the fellow says, with the result that she suddenly finds herself in an interesting condition. This has been going on a short while when the Germans raid the hospital. In one scene Miss Page is going about her duties as usual. Then the hospital is bombed. Tons of plaster and timbers are seen crashing upon poor Anita. In the next scene we find her in bed with her newborn babe at her side. At first we thought it might possibly be an exploded shell, but it appears now that it was an exploded theory.

The war was pretty bad—but no worse than some movies.



THE GAIL: *I suppose you're going to pull that old one about "running out of gas."*

Ette

You want to know why I did it, officer? Well, I'll tell you.

No, it wasn't liquor. And I'm not crazy, either. It was just ette. She had it too bad, officer. Incurable. I had to do it.

We just moved into this apartment-ette yesterday. It's smaller than the one we moved out of. Mary spent all her time lookin' for smaller ones. More ette, you know.

Don't step on that, officer! That's our baby grandette pianette. Mary was crazy about it. Had her music printed on postage stamps to harmonize with it. Musicette, she called it.

And there's our cribette. No, we didn't have a baby. Doctor said he couldn't get us one that small. So Mary got that dogette to put in the cribette. No, it isn't a cockroach, officer. It's a dogette.

That's our bedette that folds up into the wallette behind the doorette. The other doorette leads to the bathette. And this doorette to the dinette. Behind that milk bottle is the kitchenette. If you look closely you can see the stovette and the sinkette. I'm sorry there's no foodette in the refrigerette or I'd offer you a bitette. But an antette got in and it's all et.

That's how our troublette started. Over the foodette.

I got so hungry, officer. Hungry, not hungryette. I made a complaintette. So Mary promised to have a roast chicken for dinnerette tonight. Or a chickenette, anyway.

So I hustled home from the officette

where I make my salaryette and sat down to the dinette tablette on that little chairette. And Mary went to the stovette to take out the roast chickenette.

Honest, officer, when she came in with that thingette on the trayette you could a-knocked me down with a pin featherette.

"Whazzat?" says I.

"Isn't it cute?" giggled Mary. "You see, Henry, the stovette was too small to get a chickenette in the ovenette, so I killed the canary. Didn't it make a lovely roastette?"

Thassal, officer. The weapon? Oh, yes. I used the fire axette that hung on the wallette of the hallette. Here's the spot marked X-ette.

I'll go peaceably, officer. But call me an ice wagon. Damfile ride in that flivverette. —Asia Kagowan.



"But madam, that's lousy child psychology."

Life at Home

NEW YORK—Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske has a scheme whereby Dr. Charles W. Eliot's five-foot shelf would be cut to three inches. It is to reduce the ordinary printed page twenty-five times, print forty-five pages on a card and read through a magnifying lens. He believes his system minimizes eye strain, as only one eye is used at a time, and reduces the cost of literature. In a test he read 200,000 words at one sitting without tiring an eye.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.—Mrs. Isabel T. Mitchell of Mount Vernon, who is seeking a divorce, avers her husband has been cruel to her; he threatened to sell his two big cars and buy a baby one. Mrs. Mitchell weighs 230.

OCONOMOWOC, WIS. — Fred Pabst Sr., head of the Milwaukee brewing concern bearing his name, has announced that nearly one million dollars' worth of equipment for making legalized beer is being installed in his company's plant. The equipment will be held in readiness to start the manufacture of beer on short notice, he said. It is being housed in a remodeled building unused since prohibition.

"It is a risk, I know," Mr. Pabst said. "However, public opinion is a pretty good barometer. It is my own firm opinion that beer will return in the not-distant future. I want to be prepared."

YONKERS, N. Y.—A mile of four-inch hose was discovered in the sewers here, which was being used to pipe beer away from a brewery to some point of distribution. Neither the source nor the outlet has been found.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Perhaps John Turkers had been reading cigarette ads on being nonchalant. But he made an error in lighting a cigarette when trying to commit suicide by gas. The resulting explosion blew out the side of the building and John was discovered still alive.

HOUSTON, TEX.—Federal Judge Hutcheson declared that prohibition work weakened the "moral fiber" of the agents, as he sentenced dry officer, R. D. Cheatham, to the penitentiary. "A man should not remain in the service more than five years," the judge asserted.

CHICAGO—Mrs. Ruth D. Maurer, noted beautician, reports there are only two businesses in this country that have not been affected by the economic depression. These are bible publishing and cosmetic manufacturing.

SPARTA, MICH.—As an aid to farm relief, barbers here offer a haircut and twenty-seven cents cash for one bushel of wheat.

GOLDSBORO, N. C.—Although unable to read or write, Tinker Blackman faces trial for forging checks on his grandfather—who likewise can neither read nor write. He is accused of forging his grandfather's "mark" on checks.

NEWARK, N. J.—Needle hunting in a hay stack has been made easy, for when several radium needles worth \$3000 were lost in a hospital ash heap an electroscope recovered them immediately.

CHICAGO—Mrs. Rosie Schenk, aged ninety-eight, gives credit for her longevity to cake-eating—fruit cake, devil's food, banana cake, chocolate eclairs, cream puffs or just plain cake.



"Say, Mrs. Jones, you know that doggie you gave us? Well, mama says she wishes you'd come and take them all back."

The Family Album



Reprinted from LIFE, Oct. 20, 1925

Day Dreams of the Man Who Sees His Picture in the Paper.

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See Page 26

(Listed in the order of their openings)

Plays

- ★**STRICTLY DISHONORABLE.** *Avon.* \$3.85—Second season for this entertaining comedy hit of seduction in a speakeasy.
- ★**GREEN PASTURES.** *Mansfield.* \$4.40—Marc Connelly's Pulitzer prize play revealing the negro's idea of the Bible story. The most beautiful, most moving, and even the most amusing play in years.
- ★**LYSISTRATA.** *44th Street.* \$5.50—Magnificent and bawdy production of the Aristophanes comedy in which the Greek women give the men a choice of war or arms.
- ★**LADIES ALL.** *Bijou.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—A sculptress, a lady's maid and a divorcee after a gay Lothario. Amusing light comedy.
- ★**DANCING PARTNER.** *Belasco.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Slight comedy of a gay young lord disguised as a gigolo, who makes a wager to seduce or marry the lady his uncle chooses for him within two weeks. P. S.—He marries her.
- ★**TORCH SONG.** *Plymouth.* \$3.85—A drummer meets his former sweetheart, now a Salvation Army lass, who thinks to save his soul. Love and religion have it out.
- ★**UP POPS THE DEVIL.** *Musque.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Home-life of a young couple in Greenwich Village—she works and he stays home to write. Full of laughs.
- ★**UP AND UP.** *Longacre.* \$3.00—Dull melodrama among the lower speakeasies and bookmakers.
- ★**THAT'S GRATITUDE.** *John Golden.* \$4.40—Frank Craven gives a sick-and-noisy-man his last drink and wins his "eternal" gratitude which wears thin when Frank Craven comes to Dubuque to live with him. Don't miss it.
- ★**FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE.** *Republic.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—The old ditty of bar-room days and the two lovers in the nineties acted in a nice routine way.
- ★**ONCE IN A LIFETIME.** *Music Box.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—A burlesque of Hollywood and the best thing in town. The former button-maker is now czar of the new talkies. Sold out a month ahead.
- ★**GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.** *Harris.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Three former chorus girls quite successfully making their way in a hilarious comedy by Zoe Akins. Don't miss the last act.
- ★**ONE, TWO, THREE.** *Henry Miller's.* \$4.40—Two amusing skits by Molnar with Ruth Gordon and Arthur Byron.
- ★**BAD GIRL.** *Hudson.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Successful and moving dramatization of Vina Delmar's novel of obstetrics—with one highly unnecessary scene.
- ★**MRS. MOONLIGHT.** *Charles Hopkins.* \$4.40—Whimsical adventures of a lady who stays at 28 years for 3 generations.
- ★**SOLID SOUTH.** *Lyceum.* \$3.85—Richard Bennett in a highly exaggerated comedy aiming to debunk the traditions of the Old South.
- ★**HIS MAJESTY'S CAR.** *Barrymore.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Miriam Hopkins in an amusing comedy from the Hungarian of a mythical kingdom. A musical comedy plot without the music.

CIVIC REPERTORY—Eva Le Gallienne and her five-foot shelf of modern classics.

- ★**PAGAN LADY.** *48th Street.* \$3.85—Lenore Ulric falls in love with a preacher's nephew but her "better side" makes her say "no." The play is pretty thin but it does bring Miss Ulric back to Broadway.
- ★**SISTERS OF THE CHORUS.** *Ritz.* \$3.00—A wise-cracking melodrama on the pitfalls of Broadway. Ran eighteen weeks in Chicago.
- ★**SWEET STRANGER.** *Cort.* \$4.40—All about a great big man of Wall Street and a little girl who wanders into his office. Maybe it's possible.
- ★**CANARIES SOMETIMES SING.** *Fulton.* \$3.85—Frederick Lonsdale overworks two unhappily married couples—first swaps them then gets rid of one of the four characters and ends with a happy triangle.
- ★**THIS ONE MAN.** *Morosco.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Frank Muni as a gangster in an uncanny melodrama of split personalities.
- ★**ROAR CHINA.** *Martin Beck.* \$3.00—Reviewed in this issue.
- PUPPET SHOW.** *Belmont.*—Reviewed in this issue.
- ★**ON THE SPOT.** *Forrest.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Edgar Wallace's Chicago gangster thriller which had London on the edge of its seats.

Musical

- ★**FLYING HIGH.** *Apollo.* \$5.50—Bert Lahr in one of the funniest in town even though it is in its second season.
- ★**EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES.** *New Amsterdam.* \$6.60—Girl show on a large scale with a nice covering of smut.

- ★**NINA ROSA.** *Majestic.* \$5.50—Generously endowed operetta with a good score and a thick plot.
- ★**PRINCESS CHARMING.** *Imperial.* \$5.50—Good music but such an elaborate production that you are worn out.
- ★**FINE AND DANDY.** *Erlanger.* \$6.60—Joe Cook in one of his craziest which you must not miss.
- ★**BROWN BUDDIES.** *Liberty.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Bill Robinson and his inimitable tap dancing in a regulation colored show.
- ★**THREE'S A CROWD.** *Selwyn.* \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—Try and get seats. That swell trio of the First Little Show—Clifton Webb, Fred Allen and Libby Holman.
- ★**GIRL CRAZY.** *Allen.* \$6.60—One of the best in town. Words and music by the Gershwins and comedy by Willie Howard. Ethel Merman's singing stops the show.
- ★**BLACKBIRDS OF 1930.** *Royale.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Nothing as bright as the last one. Just so-so. Some good dancing though.

Records Columbia

"SWEET JENNIE LEE" and "MY BABY JUST CARES FOR ME" (Movie—Whoopce)—Ted Wallace and His Campus Boys. This orchestra knows its business. Nice harmonies in instruments and vocal choruses.

(Continued on Page 26)



Helen MacKellar, Roberta Beatty and Frank McGlynn, Jr., in "Frankie and Johnnie."



"I've got my money on the tube," says J. M. Allen, Sales Promotion Manager.

"Regardless of what fellows around the South Pole may tell you, the tube is the real favorite. Northern men like their cool shaves but they like them in a tube. Take this tip from me—back the tube and you back the winner."

J. M. Allen

INGRAM'S PRIZE CONTEST

is open to everybody . . . 328 CASH PRIZES



"The Antipodes backs the jar," says D. B. Oxenham, Australian Branch Manager.

"Habit's the big thing. We know that down here. A million men have taken their cool shaves from the famous blue jar. They won't change overnight—they never do. Let the men up north back the tube. The jars will have it. You can count on that."

D. B. Oxenham

The Hot Fight about Cool Shaves

THE most hotly disputed contest in the country is about the *coolest* shaves any man has ever had!

It's started discussions from California to Maine—wherever men are using a razor. And the officers of the company can't agree on which will go over the better!

Yet this contest is simply a test of business judgment. No tricks. No catch phrases. No red tape of any kind. Here's the proposition:

Shortly before January 1st, Ingram's was introduced in a new tube. It's exactly the same *cool* shaving cream that first was brought out, five years ago, in the famous blue jar! And the price of the new tube is the same.

Of course, Ingram's was put on sale in the new tube because we know many men prefer a tube. But remember—this is important—that a million shaving men stand back of the little blue jar.

Here are Ingram's sales for the last four years:

1926	751,392 Jars
1927	1,148,628 Jars
1928	1,560,828 Jars
1929	1,992,998 Jars

Don't forget that this remarkable sales record was built with the jar. But remember that most men are accustomed to tubes.

Which will sell better? The new tube? The old jar? We don't know! But to those who submit the best opinions, we offer \$5,000.00 in cash prizes!

\$5,000 in Cash Prizes

Consider the relative merits of the tube and the jar. Then write, *in 75 words or less*, how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in comparison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have on the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we'll give \$5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize	\$1,000.00
Second prize	\$500.00
Third prize	\$250.00
Next 325 prizes	each \$10.00

Have you ever tried Ingram's? Its three special cooling and soothing ingredients tighten and tone the skin *while you shave*. You can get either tube or jar from your druggist. Or send the coupon for a 10-day supply free. But—whether you use Ingram's or not—enter the contest!

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness, we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.
2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.
3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest, but none must exceed 75 words in length. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.
4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.
5. Address Contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 366, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

Clip Coupon for 10 COOL SHAVES

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
Box 366, General Post Office
New York, N. Y.

I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Coupon has nothing to do with contest. Use only if you want free sample.)



Our Foolish Contemporaries

A medical writer explains the causes of yawning, but he doesn't mention that it is frequently the result of reading medical articles.
—Punch.

It's so quiet in South America these days you can hear a President fall.

—New York Evening Post.

GROCER: Here's your fly-paper. Anything else?

RASTUS: Yas, suh. Ah wants about six raisins.

GROCER: Do you mean six pounds?

RASTUS: Naw, suh, about six, jes enuf fo' decoys.

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

Harlem's favorite yarn, incidentally, is that of the snooty Caucasian gent who remarked to his sepian valet, "Washington, I dreamed last night that I went to the Negro paradise. It was very dirty and full of rubbish. And just packed to the heavenly gates with your people in rags."

"That's nothin', sah!" chuckled the colorado-maduro lad, "Ah done dreamt I went to de white folks' heaven. It shoh was nice dere. Flowers and pretty smells and trees everywhere. But, Lordy, it was empty!"

—New York Evening Graphic.

MRS. HIRAM OFFUN: It seems to me you are asking too much when you consider the fact that I furnish your meals.

THE COOK: I beg pardon, ma'am. I dine out. I never eat my own cooking.

—Detroit News.

"That's certainly a very lifelike snowman you have there. I almost thought I saw it move."

"Maybe you did, mister, we've got my brother Jimmy inside."

—Toronto Goblin.

Have you heard about the cigar store clerk who got so confused he cooked a customer a cigarette sandwich, lit a novel for him and tried to smoke a lettuce salad?

—New York Evening Sun.

Four hundred thousand gallons of water were used in making a new film at Hollywood. Americans seem to be overdoing the sob-stuff business.

—Passing Show.

"Who says that all men are born free?" wailed the young father as he received the doctor's bill.

—Washington State Cougar's Paw.



GENTLEMAN: This seat has been repainted.

LADY (who is very deaf): What?

GENTLEMAN: Green.

—Passing Show.

A headline says: "There were Hairpins in Ancient Ur 3,000 Years Ago." That's nothing; there were hairpins in the United States only ten years ago.

—Pathfinder.

An advertisement states that "it took 12,000 workers to put that bottle of milk at your door." Yes, it sounded as if it did.

—London Opinion.

"Excuse me, constable," said the old gentleman, "but here is a parcel of fish which I found in a railway carriage."

"Right, sir. If it isn't claimed in six months it's yours."

—Pearson's.

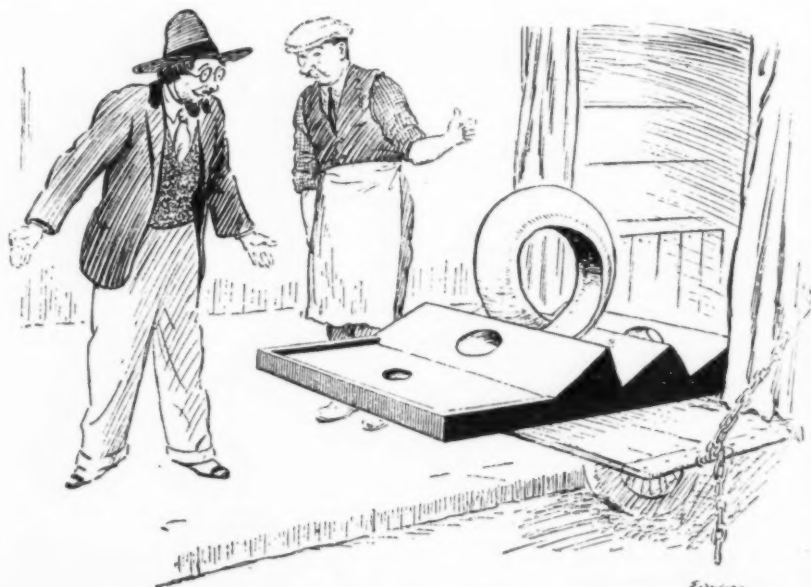
A colour expert advises men to wear bright-coloured clothes so that motorists can see them better. If a motorist can't hit us in this grey suit, he needn't think we're going to help him.

—New York Evening Post.

YOUNG WIFE: I must apologize for the cake I made, dear. I think I left out something.

HUSBAND: Nothing you left out could make a cake taste like this. It's something you put in.

—Answers.



MODERN SCULPTOR: What a masterpiece! What strength and feeling! What subtle characterization and tense action!

ONLOOKER: Excuse me, sir, but that's the ninth hole of our new miniature golf-course.

—Punch (by permission).



Books

PRE-WAR AMERICA, by Mark Sullivan. Chas. Scribner's Sons, \$5. As we were 1900-14, journalistically and pictorially presented: clothes, songs, politics, Teddy, open bars, ragtime and Rockefeller: thus Mark S., veteran observer, turns his search-light on wake of Ship of State. No radio, no eight-cylinders, no Lindy or Rudy, no legs. We read, sigh, wonder, laugh at these comic guys of yesteryear—ourselves—then!

STRATEGY IN HANDLING PEOPLE, by Messrs. Webb and Morgan. Bolton Pierce & Co., \$3. A shameless and absorbing exposure of the methods employed by "prominent" Americans to net their victims by base flattery and other captivating devices, being a sort of guide to salesmanship and success, illustrated by numerous examples. Breathlessly interesting and correspondingly vulgar for nice minds. A book (to quote) where "great leaders develop executive timber."

FIVE MASTERS, by Joseph Wood Krutch. Cape and Smith, \$3.50. The best book of literary interpretation so far this year, revealing the development of modern novel through Boccaccio, Cervantes, Richardson, Stendhal, Proust, of whom it is remarked that even Americans are to be found among his devoted admirers. Author of *Modern Temper* here gives us a substantial contribution, delightful reading, the essay on Cervantes being the high-water mark.

STAYING WITH RELATIONS, by Rose Macaulay (satirical novel). Horace Liveright, \$2.50. In which a woman novelist visits in South America. Brilliant sentences, dealing with tropics, but alas! it is never the characters that speak but the voice of the author. She is concerned so much to write a clever book that her self-consciousness overrides her narrative.

ROCK AND SAND, by John Rathbone Oliver. Macmillan, \$2.50. Scene laid in the nineties. Theme: contrast in the lives of visiting Americans and native Canadians. Good character delineation, and good, if rather solid fiction, but incohesive, perhaps not quite up to the author's former fine *Victim and Victor*. —Thomas L. Masson.

Announcing the PROVIDENT PROVIDOR

A new life income savings plan for men under fifty

FOR YOU

It Provides . . .

an income of \$200 a month commencing at age 65 and continuing *as long as you live*. By this method a minimum of \$20,000 is guaranteed. Perhaps double that amount may be paid depending on your length of life. Or, if you desire, \$25,600 may be taken in cash at age 65.

It Provides . . .

an income of \$200 a month in case you are totally disabled for a period of at least four months before reaching age 65. All premiums will be paid for you during such disability.

FOR YOURS

It Provides . . .

\$20,000 in cash should you die before reaching age 65. An income for life may be substituted if desired.

It Provides . . .

\$40,000, or double the face amount of the policy, in case death results from accidental cause before age 65.

FACTS ABOUT THE PROVIDENT PROVIDOR

The Provident Provider is the newest of Provident policies designed to meet a particular need. For the man who wishes to make a definite saving each year, the Provider offers an ideal program of careful investment combined with complete family protection.

By making regular annual deposits now you can retire at age 60 or 65.

Today, while you are insurable and can spare the money, let us tell you how small a yearly deposit will put the Provident Provider into action for you. Protection starts at once.

Just fill in and return the coupon and we shall send full particulars.

NOTE: For men of fifty and over we have other types of policies to fit their exact requirements.

Provident Mutual
Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, Penna.
© P. M. L. I. Co., 1930 Founded 1865

**Mail this
Coupon
NOW!**

PROVIDENT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please send free descriptive booklet and quote premium rate for the Provident Provider at my age, with the understanding that it places me under no obligation.

I was born _____
Month Day Year

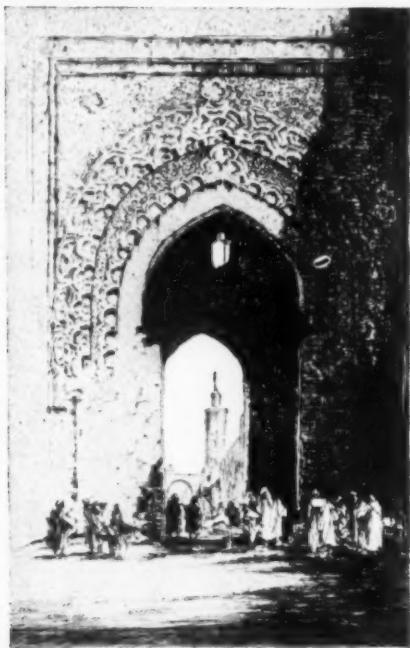
My name is _____

Home address _____
Street City State

Business address _____
Street City State

Three ³⁰⁻Day Mediterranean Morocco-Riviera Cruises

The Continental's Winter Playground



Etching of The Chellah, Rabat by W. Douglas MacLeod

THIRTY-DAY "Mediterranean-Sahara-Riviera Cruise" with live young moderns, off for the sun by the South Atlantic...circling the azure sea at its smartest...eight ports » » Not a dull moment, the "France" starts her gayety with her engines...Casablanca for a Moroccan interlude, Oasis, Sultan's paradise, the winter capital of modern sunworshippers...gay Algiers and the Garden of Allah...Italy at its loveliest...the Riviera and Roman France when the sky that arched over the Caesars is blue with the first spring days » » The freedom of independent travel with unlimited stopovers, or return via Havre or Plymouth...a ship that is the last word in luxury and chic.

"France", January 10, February 14, March 20

"Barbary Land Cruise:" through Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia...a fleet of high-powered motor cars...57-day itinerary \$1750; 13-day itinerary \$200.

Sixteen-day West Indies Cruise by
"Lafayette", December 20 to January 5

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent or
write direct to 19 State St., New York City

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 22)

"I'LL BE BLUE JUST THINKING OF YOU" and "MAYBE IT'S LOVE" (Movie—Maybe It's Love)—Bert Lown and His Hotel Biltmore Orchestra. Another good band. Listen to the tricky thumping of the bass sax in the first number.

Brunswick

"THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT AN OLD FASHIONED GIRL" (Movie—Just Imagine)—Abe Lyman and His California Orchestra. Smooth orchestration. A vocal chorus with a piano and bass horn background is the high spot. and

"NEVER SWAT A FLY" (same movie)—Same orchestra. The world's silliest words—and so once more we ask, why feature a vocal chorus?

"SOMETHING TO REMEMBER YOU BY" and "BODY AND SOUL" (Three's A Crowd)—Ozzie Nelson and His Orchestra take a whack at these mistreated tunes—and it won't help their reputation much. Libby Holman has also recorded both numbers for Brunswick.

Victor

"IT'S A GREAT LIFE" and "MY IDEAL" (both from Movie—Playboy Of Paris)—Maurice Chevalier with orchestra. Maurice is much more enjoyable when you can see him sing.

"HERE COMES THE SUN" and "I'M YOURS"—Bert Lown and His Hotel Biltmore Orchestra. Recommended. The Biltmore Rhythm Boys help considerably.

Sheet Music

"Can This Be Love" (Fine and Dandy)
"Starting At The Bottom" (Fine and Dandy)
"Looking In The Window" (No Show)
"Only A Midnight Adventure" (No Show)
"Au Revoir—Pleasant Dreams" (No Show)

Hotels for Dining and Dancing

C—(Cover Charge)

★(Must Dress)

AMBASSADOR GREEN ROOM, Park at 51st. No cover. Harold Stern's orchestra.

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th. C(after 9 o'clock) \$1.00. Myer Davis Orchestra.

BARBIZON-PLAZA, Central Park, South—Les Charmettes Room. C(after 10) \$1.50 week days; \$2.00 Saturdays. Ozzie Nelson and his orchestra. Good music—good food—pleasant atmosphere.

NEW YORKER TERRACE RESTAURANT, 8th Ave. at 34th. C(after 10 o'clock) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.00 Saturdays. Bernie Cummins and his orchestra.

PARK CENTRAL ROOF, 7th Ave. at 55th. C(after 9:30) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.50 Saturdays. Don Bigelow Orchestra. Dances by Easter and Hazelton.

PENNSYLVANIA ROOF, 7th Ave. at 33rd. C(after 9:30) \$1.00 week-days; Saturdays, \$2.00. Peter Van Steden and his orchestra.

RITZ CARLTON ROOF, Madison at 46th. No cover. Ritz Orchestra.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Madison at 45th. Dinner and supper dancing. Guy Lombardo. Cover charge after 10 o'clock.

★ST. REGIS ROOF, 5th Ave. at 55th. C\$2 (after 10 o'clock) Vincent Lopez orchestra. Dances by Veloz and Yolanda.

Glass Ginger Ale with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters delightful tonic and palatable. 50c sample Abbott's Bitters for 25c. Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland

LIFE'S Ticket Service

★We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

★If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE 60 East 42nd St., New York City Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats) (Date)

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

Check for \$..... Enclosed

Life Looks About

(Continued from Page 11)

was Judah from whom the Jews descended. Along with them went some Benjaminites and some Levites. But if Palestine should be turned over, hook, bob and sinker, to the Jews, how is settlement to be made with the rest of the children of Israel—the other ten tribes who surely are co-heirs with the Jews and Benjaminites to the lands acquired by Joshua and David?

To the British-Israel people who believe and expounded with diagrams and tireless fervor, that the English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish and a lot of other breeds, including a large proportion of the population of the United States, are descendants of the Lost Tribes so-called, this matter of Jerusalem is vital. They will want to be represented in the Land of Promise, and as long as the British hold it they will doubtless be contented. So nobody need expect to see Palestine pass out of British hands nor any sect, tribe or race get control there to the exclusion of the others. The Arabs are Mohammedans and in dealing with them the British Government has to take notice of political considerations that are more or less obvious, but there are also connected with that land considerations, as suggested, that are not obvious and though not obvious may be highly influential.

Answers to Anagrams

On Page 15

- (1) Ledger.
- (2) Solace.
- (3) Balsam.
- (4) Scalpel.
- (5) Agnostic.



POETICAL PETE

Each morning when my master bathes,
I hear his howls arise;
I cannot help him, but I know
He knows I sympathize.



As Comfortable as Home

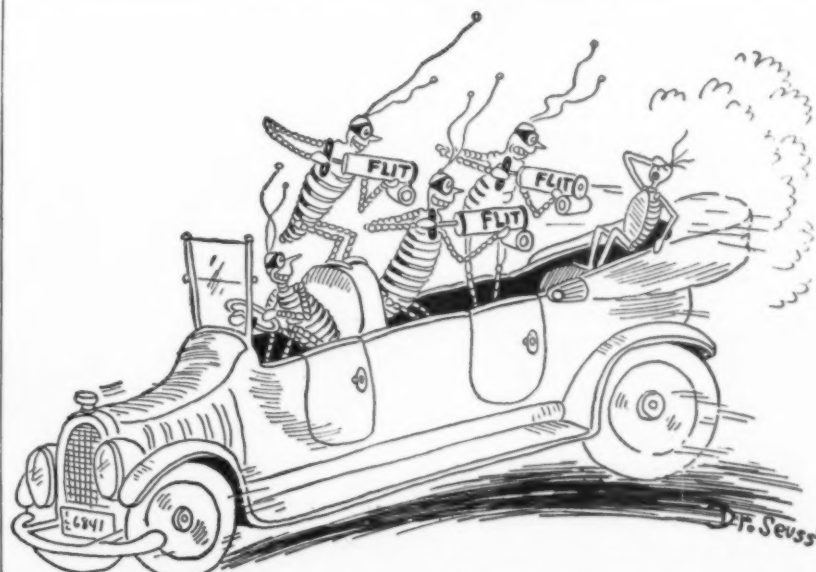


In the Barclay one finds the quiet spaciousness that bespeaks the comfort of a Manor Home. Each room, decorated in the quiet taste of Early America, has an atmosphere that lacks only one's personal things to make it all that a private room should be.

The BARCLAY

One Hundred Eleven East Forty-Eighth Street
Warren T. Montgomery — Managing Director

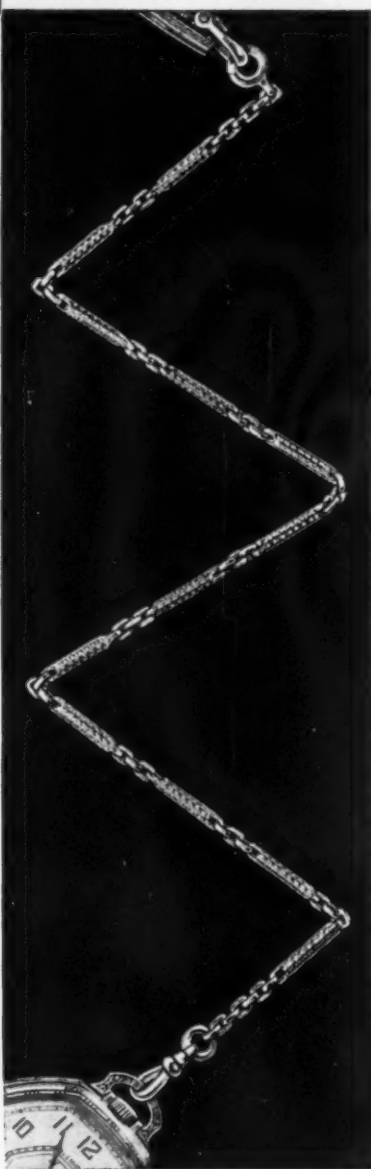
← NEW YORK →



A Gang of Racketeer Insects Takes A Bug For A Ride.

—Adv.

FOR APPEARANCE'S SAKE WEAR A SIMMONS CHAIN



IF YOU care about the way you look to other people, you won't be careless about the chain that guards your watch, your keys, knife, emblem or other accessories. Simmons Chains are made by men who know authentic styles, who keep abreast of all that is fresh and modern in sound design. Simmons Chains wear well. And in a wide variety of beautiful patterns, they still come within the comfortable range of \$4 to \$15. The good-looking Waldemar above, 55, costs \$9 alone, white gold-filled, and would make a splendid gift to a young man going back to school or college. Your jeweler has it, and many others equally attractive. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass.

SIMMONS CHAINS



The swivel says
It's a Simmons

A Modern Fable

John Brown writes sapient editorials on agricultural relief for a big city newspaper.

Jim Brown, his brother, is a political office holder who makes speeches on what he is doing for the farmer and what his opponent isn't.

George, another brother, is a city banker, who knows how the rural residents could better their condition by letting him guide their investments and bank their cash.

Sam, of the same family, is a manufacturer, with ideas about the farmers' buying habits.

Frank is a road material dealer and can point all farmers the way toward salvation.

John, Jim, George, Sam and Frank Brown, with their wives and children, twenty-two persons in all, are planning to spend Thanksgiving Day and eat Thanksgiving dinner with Henry Brown, their father, who is a farmer.

—McCready Huston.

A group of men at the club were discussing something very earnestly, and the man from Aberdeen approached and asked the subject of the discussion. "Will you join our Anti-Tipping Society?" asked one of the group. "We consider that tipping is a degrading custom and have formed a society to put a stop to it."

"Aye, I'll join," said the man from Aberdeen, gladly.

"That's fine, and the subscription is a shilling a year."

"Och—in that case I'm thinking that it'll be cheaper for me to tip."

—Tatler.



DUNKEL

"A good bottle of gin—and I was taking it to teacher!"

(28)

COLDS

can be checked quickly
with this tonic laxative

Years of use by millions of people have proved that a comfortable laxative combined with quinine is the most efficient cold remedy and preventive. Both quinine tonic and laxative features are correctly combined in Grove's Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets. Insist on them for quick cold relief.



Headaches accompanying colds are relieved by these tablets, 30c at all druggists.

GROVE'S Laxative Bromo Quinine TABLETS

For 41 Years—the
Safe, Dependable Cold Remedy

"It's a dirty shame the way they pay athletes in this school."

"Aren't you right? I'm not getting half what I'm worth."

—Brown Jug.



For Perfect Control of
Hair After a
Shampoo

GLO-CO

Unscented
LIQUID
HAIR-Dressing

INDIVIDUAL MONOGRAM
PLAYING CARDS

8013A Very durable
linen-finished Play-
ing Cards in Whist
size: Each card with
your individual ini-
tially designed in
Black and Orange
Colors with edges to
match, decorated with
Gold and Cream-colored borders and center Medal-
lion. Monogrammed cards bespeak person-
ality and good taste. They are ideal gifts.
Two packs: one Orange and one Black
in Presentation Box \$2.50
8014A One Pack in either Color as above, mono-
grammed..... \$1.50

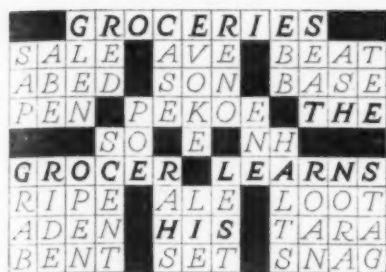
State plainly which letter of monogram
you desire for large center initial

FREE GIFT BOOK

Our 60th Anniversary Catalog
—Over 200 Pages of Jewelry,
Watches, Silver, and charming moderately priced
Gifts for every occasion. Do your Christmas shopping
in the comfort of your easy chair—direct by mail—and
save both time and money. Write today for this
Free Book.

JASON WEILER - BAIRD NORTH CO.
56 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Winners of LIFE's Cross Word
Picture Puzzle No. 61



The grocer learns his groceries.

George Hobron,
541 Shaw Avenue,
McKeesport, Pa.

For explanation:—In this day of keen competition he has to know more than his onions.

Mrs. H. B. Merrill,
1922 East Beverly Road,
Milwaukee, Wis.

For explanation: "Poems are made by saps like thish, but only God can make a fish."

Douglas M. Whittemore,
729 Menlo Avenue,
Menlo Park, Calif.

For explanation: "I don't see why they can't assemble them at the factory."

Robert J. Green,
5510 Blackstone Avenue,
Chicago, Ill.

For explanation: A study in marine life.



One shopper gets enough courage to settle his problem.

SECOND PRIZE IN MARLBORO AMATEUR COPY CONTEST



MISS DOROTHY
SHEPHERD
of
KINGSTON, PA.
won
2nd Prize
with this
advertisement

Miss Shepherd, an ardent enthusiast of advertising, believes that more good ideas are needed in modern advertisements.

(For other prize winners watch magazines and newspapers.)

...why take chances
with cheap cigarettes?
Enjoy Marlboro—
Mild as May—full,
firm and round—
always.

Yesterday:

Dirt roads, Welsbach burners, tin bathtubs, public drinking glasses, a bag of tobacco and rice papers.

Today:

Cement highways, electricity, shower-baths, individual cups, and Ivory Tipped Marlboros!

Dorothy Shepherd

MARLBORO

Plain or Ivory Tipped: No Difference in Price

"Does your fiancé know your right age?"

"Ycs. Well, partly."

—Der Lustige Sachse, Leipzig.



With one Mould you can make many HUNDREDS OF CASTINGS, whole Armies. Outfits, including material for casting, enamel paints and everything complete, \$5.00. Easy enough for any boy to make and great fun for grown-ups. Sport for the whole family. Write for illustrations of dozens of patterns you can make.

Make-A-Toy Co., Dept. 12, 1696 Boston Road, N. Y. City

HAMS

from
Ole Virginia
for

Thanksgiving
Cooked by a time
honored recipe

NATIVE Virginia Hams from peanut-ied pork—cured dry in salt and smoked leisurely with hickory chips. An old plantation method that preserves all their savory goodness. They are cooked by hallowed Colonial recipe using brown sugar, black pepper, molasses... As good as though you went to the plantation smokehouse—picked out the ham and had Mammy cook it. Delight guaranteed... Delivered prices, east of Mississippi River. For points west, add 25c. Small \$7.00—Medium \$9.00—Large \$12.00—Order for yourself—for gifts to friends. Prompt shipments.

R. L. CHRISTIAN & COMPANY
406 E. Broad St. Richmond, Va.

A French doctor says that an egg is a sufficient meal for anybody. An œuf, in fact, is as good as a feast.

—Punch.



WHEN I dub Locktite the greatest tobacco pouch ever—and the best gift for any pipe fan—6,000,000 proud owners smile and agree. Its Talon Fastener opens

and closes it with a zip. Fits snugly in the pocket without bulging. Tobacco stays fresh because the Humidizer keeps it moist.

\$1.00

to \$7.50
at your Favorite
Smoke Shop

Locktite
THE POUCH WITH THE HUMIDIZER

Look for the Name Stamped on Each Pouch
LOCKTITE CO., Inc., Gloversville, N. Y.

LIFE'S DOG CALENDAR

for 1931



Our annual DOG CALENDAR is a very popular institution and increasingly in demand. It makes a most attractive gift for all who love dogs. Most people do. Anyway

*Everybody loves
LIFE'S DOGS!*

6 Sheets in Colors, 10 x 14,
Price One Dollar.

An unusually good looking calendar! You'll want it yourself, of course, and a few more to send away for Christmas. Better order at once, as the edition is limited.

Don't Miss It This Year!

Write your name and address in the margin, and send to us with check for as many copies as desired. They will be forwarded immediately on publication.

Ready about Nov. 15th.

LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York.



To Ensure
Brightness and Happiness
All Through the Year

read

Life

And enjoy the brightest and best fun of the day, right in the Original Package! Laughter, Happiness, Health, for the Whole Family, for the one subscription price! A good laugh is Nature's cure for many an ill, and with LIFE, the best paper of its kind, you are sure of an hour's fun (a full treatment) each week. It is to your advantage to try it for a year, or try our

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Foreign \$1.40). Send LIFE for the next ten weeks to

LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York
One Year \$5 Foreign \$6.60 (L11)

Life in Society



Prominent Fox Hunting Twins

Miss Rosemary Tillinghast Grosvenor, paternal grand-daughter of Mrs. Edith Afterham Remington, and her sister Scrubby, walking down Park Avenue on their way to the Essex Fox Hounds at Far Hills, N. J.

Miss Fanny L. Whitehouse, long of the Summer colony, will return next season, long of 5000 General Electric.

Donald L. Mills of Brooklyn, a Williams College student, has joined the Hole-in-One Club. He swallowed the fifteenth at the Taconic Club, yesterday, in one shot.

Miss Gertrude Albright has Mrs. Watson Bryant from Buffalo as guest at Anotha Farm, Pittsfield, and Mrs. Edward Albright has a double chin from Stuffing, Turkey.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Woodruff got into column 2, item 5, on Wednesday by feeding Princess Pigliani, Princess Murad and Prince Serge of Russia at the Savoy-Plaza.

Dr. Lawrence Gould, William Beebe, Upton Close and Captain Donald MacMillan are scheduled to speak at the Explorers Club in New York this winter if they can find it.

Mrs. S. Summerfield De Poultry recently entertained fellow members of the Manhattan Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution with a speech against revolution.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Whitehall Smith, who have been staying at the Ritz Towers, have moved four stories down for the winter.



Hotel Charlotte Harbor, Punta Gorda, Florida

COME TO HOTEL CHARLOTTE HARBOR THIS WINTER

Hotel Charlotte Harbor is officially open from January 1st until April 1st. For those who enjoy earlier quail shooting, golf and fishing, a modified staff is maintained and reduced rates are made during December. Added to an atmosphere of luxury and beauty, you will find at Hotel Charlotte Harbor, every modern appointment for your comfort and convenience, a famous cuisine, and correct, unobtrusive service.

Provision has been made for your enjoyment of a wide variety of sport and recreation — golf, swimming, riding, automobiling, fishing, tennis, trap shooting, quail shooting and lawn games. Hotel Charlotte Harbor maintains its own 18 hole golf course, tennis courts, swimming pool, bathing beach, gun traps, guide staff for hunting, and motor boat livery for fishing parties. For illustrated booklet or reservations, write to Peter P. Schutt, Manager, Hotel Charlotte Harbor, Punta Gorda, Florida.



Above: On the Hotel Charlotte Harbor golf course which is one of the finest in the South.



SMOKE HO!

WHEN you barge about, smoking all day — remember your Squibb's Dental Cream at night.

Squibb's is not only an excellent dentifrice but it's also a land-fall for smokers — because it makes each smoke so much more worth while. Right through the whole day it keeps your smoking taste up on its toes — sparkling and fresh.

The minute particles of Milk of Magnesia which Squibb's deposits in the mouth fight acids — sweeten the breath — fend off fuzziness.

Take time out between "oh for a smoke" and "smoke ho" to freshen up your smoking taste with Squibb's Dental Cream. At all druggists.

Copyright 1930 by E. R. Squibb & Sons



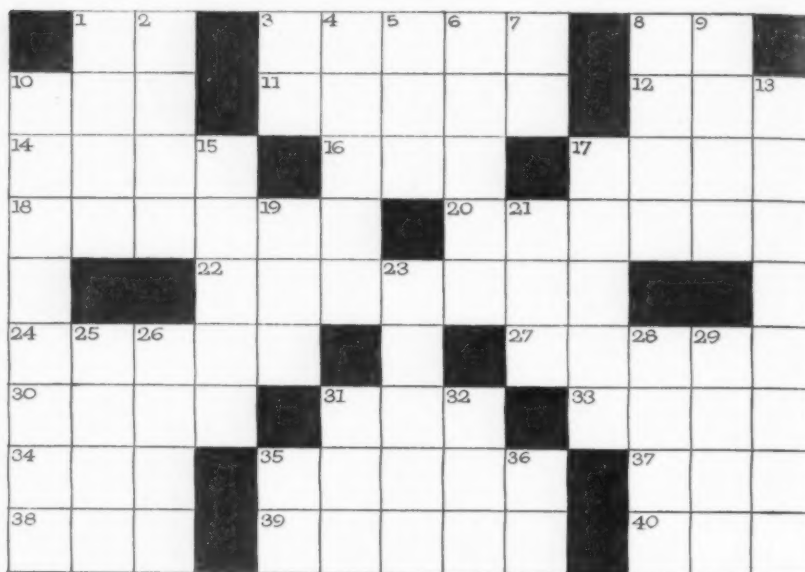
SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 66

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

Send in the completed puzzle with the title and your explanation. The cleverest explanations will be printed, and LIFE will pay \$5 for each one accepted.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York. Contest for this issue closes Nov 22.



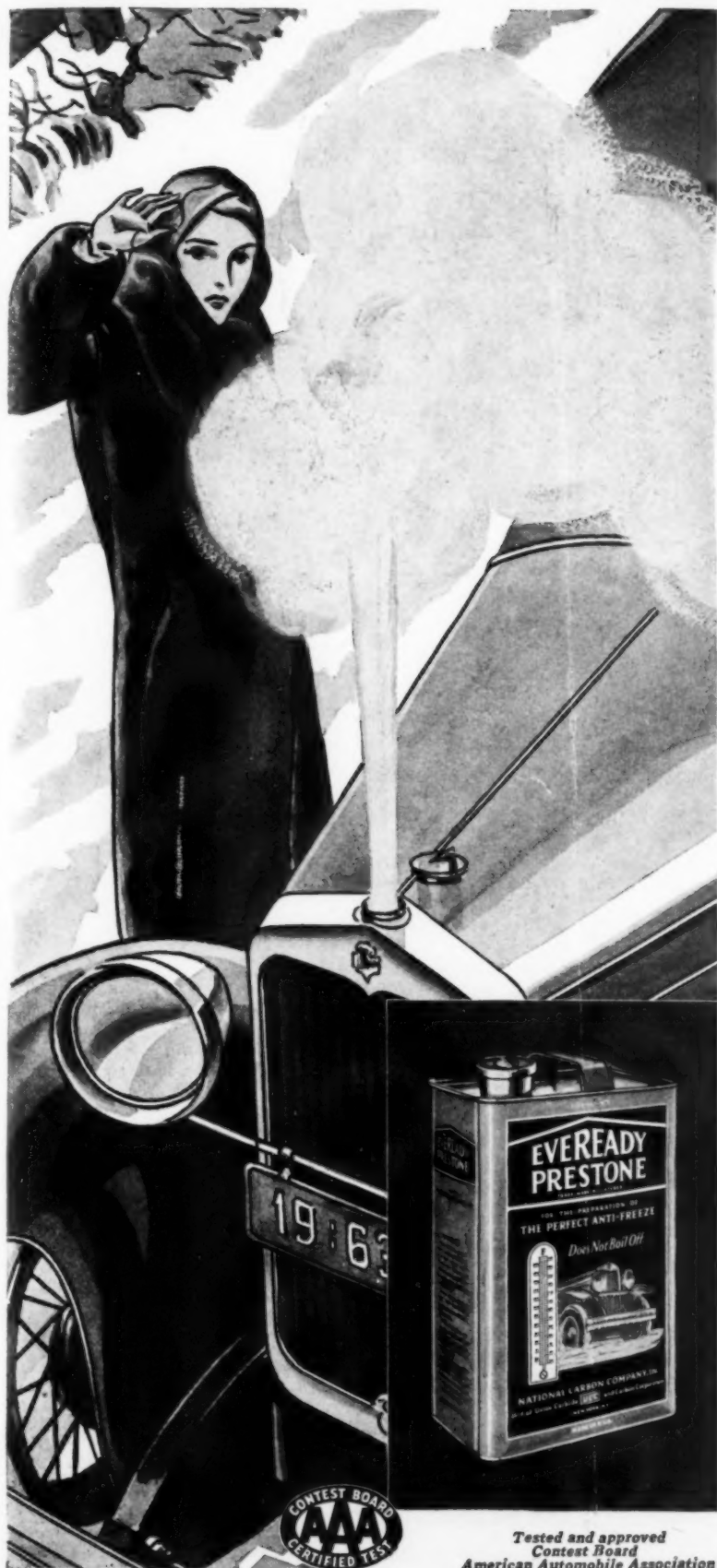
ACROSS

1. Liner. (Abbr.)
3. Number.
8. Good Heavens!
10. Very negative.
11. Footprint of a wild animal.
12. Pronoun.
14. You just imagine this.
16. Ever, according to the poets.
17. Competent.
18. An inveterate snoozer.
20. Existing in the air.
22. Despised by motorists.
24. This gives a nasty dig.
27. Part of Africa.
30. What the Irish love best.
31. This will blow you up. (Abbr.)
33. Arrange.
34. A marine slicker.
35. Vows and curses.
37. This has a lot of crust.
38. A refusal.
39. What a convict gets when he comes out of jail.
40. Old times.

DOWN

1. This comes out of a fountain.
2. This raises a foot.
3. Just to fill space. (Initials.)
4. Where all good singers go.
5. Where the little fishes come from.
6. The Mosaic law.
7. This begins in January.
8. Asiatic desert.
9. This little movement has a meaning all its own.
10. The year after the war.
13. Yielded.
15. This is worn in the kitchen.
17. He had a hundred eyes.
19. Takes several centuries to make this.
21. The "Rosy-fingered" daughter of Hyperion.
23. Italian poet.
25. Back yard.
26. — of the valley.
28. This brings sweet dreams.
29. Seed covering.
31. This paves the way.
32. Definite article.
35. Belonging to.
36. One of the United States.

DO YOU DRIVE A STEAMER?



YOU'LL see them on cold winter days — cars trailing a white cloud behind them, or parked at the curb and spurning it into the air. "Steamers" — their radiators empty, or *frozen*! Don't run that risk with *your* car — it's too costly, and too easy to avoid. This winter, protect your car, once and for all, with Eveready Prestone, the ONE-SHOT anti-freeze.

Eveready Prestone minds its own business, which is to be on the job and give complete protection every minute. For your own peace-of-mind, safeguard that valuable investment — your car — with the same anti-freeze that the Byrd Antarctic Expedition used. They radioed from Antarctica: "Eveready Prestone meets all manufacturer's claims. . . ."

Scientific research has now developed Eveready Prestone to a point where it offers even greater satisfaction than that which more than a million motorists enjoyed last year. The new Eveready Prestone is *green* in color, so that it can be readily identified.

Eveready Prestone is economical, because one filling lasts all winter. It is undiluted—a can of *concentrated safety*. Compared with other anti-freezes, a considerably smaller quantity is required. For those who live in the South and other moderate climates, it is available in small-sized cans.

Avoid that frenzied last-minute rush at a cold snap. Go to your dealer or garage-man today. Have him prepare your car for winter, taking the simple precautions necessary to make the cooling-system water-tight. Do it today — Eveready Prestone is always in tune with the temperature.

The Eveready Hour, radio's oldest commercial feature, is broadcast every Tuesday evening at nine (Eastern standard time) from WEAJ over a nation-wide N. B. C. network of 27 stations.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.

General Offices: New York, N. Y.

Unit of **UCC** and Carbon
Union Carbide Corporation

9 POINTS OF SUPERIORITY

1. Gives complete protection.
2. Does not boil off.
3. Positively will not damage cooling-system.
4. Will not heat up a motor.
5. Circulates freely at the lowest operating temperatures.
6. Will not affect paint, varnish or lacquer finishes.
7. Non-inflammable.
8. Odorless.
9. Economical—one filling lasts all winter.

Tested and approved
Contest Board
American Automobile Association

BEWARE OF IRRITATION



**LUCKY
STRIKE**
CIGARETTE

Toasting *removes*
dangerous irritants
that cause
Throat irritation
and Coughing

“It's toasted”